

own? hasn't he rinted the land to himself? Its' no use palaverin' here any more; the divil himself wouldn't make him change his mind; and I tould ye that, boys, afore we come!"

"So you did, Larry avic," said one of the peasants, soothingly. "But stop, asy a while. Here's Terence Carroll, as quiet a man as ever broke bread. Let him thry what he can do. Terence ahagur, spake up like a man! Spake for the women and the childher, God help them, the crathurs! going to be turned out upon the wide world wid-out a roof to shelther them!"

"Misther Crofton, sir," began Terence, imploringly, "listen to us poor men wid the same pity Lord Arranmore himself used to do when he was to the fore—"

"I'll hear no more of this!" interrupted the agent, imperiously. "All you could say till to-morrow morning wouldn't alter my intention of ejecting the whole pack of you from Glenmore!"

This announcement was met by a wild cry of grief and indignation. "May it never do you good—may the curse of those you make homeless cling to you for ever and ever, I pray God!" was the fervid ejaculation of the passionate men as they glared upon the agent with savage hate.

"Papa, dear, is there no other place where you could build the mills?" asked Isabel, frightened by the fierce gestures and malignant countenances of the men, and sympathizing with them in their trouble.

"Yes, there is, miss!" eagerly answered Terence Carroll, "a purty little dale wid a brook running through it, where no body lives. Sorra one to be upset by building them mills at all."

"The water there is too shallow!" broke in Mr. Crofton, hastily. "Isabel, you must not interfere with things you do not understand," and his eye rested for the first time with an angry expression upon his daughter.

"Dear papa, forgive me, but it does seem so hard to turn these people from their

homes," she pleaded, with a wistful look, her bright eyes filling with tears.

"Oh, it's nothing! such things must happen—the poor are used to such trials," he replied, carelessly. Then seeing the men still lingered—their hopes aroused by the young lady's interference on their behalf—he added, with an air of haughty command: "Be off with you at once! You have got my answer, that must satisfy you!"

"Satisfy them!" repeated Isabel, moodily. "Nothing will satisfy them but some act of revenge," and she shuddered as she watched the gleam of fury in the defiant look they gave Mr. Crofton before they turned away and walked down the little avenue, gesticulating violently as they talked among themselves.

"Papa, was it wise to excite their hatred thus? Are you not afraid they will do you some harm?"

Mr. Crofton laughed scornfully. "They dare not!" was his confident answer.

"Dare not!" reiterated Isabel, somewhat derisively. "Such people dare do anything to gratify their revenge. Oh, papa, I shall not have an easy moment for the future since you have drawn upon yourself the bitter enmity of those men."

"Nonsense, Isabel! It is not the first time I have served ejectments on the Arranmore tenantry. Would the estate be so flourishing to-day if I had yielded to the whims of the tenants and not considered the proprietor's interests?"

"But this affair of the mills is your own concern," observed Isabel, boldly. She judged her father harshly, feeling that he was acting a selfish part.

"Well, and if it is," he answered hotly; "must I forego my own advantage and listen only to the pathetic appeals of these fellows?"

"It would be the wisest plan, papa; they threatened you—and their threats mean something."

"I tell you again I have nothing to fear,"